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ISSUED EVERY THURSDAY
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IN MADISON SQUARE.

PAPA, WAS FARRAGUT VERY BRAVE?
INDEED HE WAS, MY SON; HE WENT TO SEA IN AN AMERICAN MAN-OF-WAR.
AND HE WAS DROWNED?
NO. HE RETURNED.
OH! I SEE. AND THAT IS WHY THEY MADE A STATUE OF HIM.

VOL. V. FEB. 12TH, 1885 NO. 111.

1155 BROADWAY, NEW YORK.

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Rejected contributions will be destroyed unless accompanied by a stamped and directed envelope.

THE English Government cannot be too severely condemned for its warfare upon our esteemed fellow-townsman, O'Donovan Rossa, and we have nothing but words of indignation for the lady who shot the great patriot.

The British Administration in sending out this last expedition to make war upon an American citizen in his own home has far exceeded the bounds of propriety, for it is evident that neither the Queen, the Premier nor any member of the Cabinet has considered the inevitable result.

Our laws require that the Emissary shall be incarcerated and tried for an assault with intent to kill, and none can tell but that it may become necessary for Lord Wolseley to be recalled from Africa and sent over here on a Dudley relief expedition. But we can assure her Goodness Graciousness, the Queen, and his Prime-Premiership, Mr. Gladstone, that the New York Tombs will be a much harder fortress to storm than Shindy, Whoopituppi or Tickatac; that a march up Broadway in the season when our Police Commissioners are contesting their claims to office and neglecting the condition of our streets, is a much more serious thing than the much bragged of march through the desert; and that our own Seventh Regiment boys are much more warlike in appearance than the festive Arab, for even Solomon, in all his glory, was not arrayed like one of these.

And further, we are amazed that the English Government should send out an Emissary for the purpose named without first teaching her to shoot.

Five shots and no mortality is a sample of that wilful waste which breeds woeful want.

It is to be hoped that the Prisoner fully appreciates her position, and that the next time she attempts anything of the sort she will do it well.

* * *

AS John Fahrenkrug, fifteen years of age, was playing cards with his brother Jacob a few days since in Chicago, the latter playfully pointed an empty pistol at him and pulled the trigger. The empty pistol, contrary to the usual custom, failed to explode. Not so with John. He seized a rifle lying near and shot Jacob in the head, "nearly blowing the top of his skull off." We are informed that John "rushed from the house, and is almost heartbroken." The only lamentable thing about this occurrence is that John should feel badly about it. If he should go through the country and blow off the heads of that entire army of brainless idiots who think it "funny" to snap empty pistols at the rest of mankind he would do a vast amount of good.

* * *

WE present to our readers this week a sample page of the N. Y. Daily *Model*.

It combines the salient features of all the N. Y. dailies and cannot, therefore, fail to be a success.

We commend it to the lovers of New York journalism.

* * *

"SOCIAL Stock Watering," is the subject of an editorial in the Washington *Republic*. By this is meant the assumption by a man of a title which does not belong to him, such as Judge, General, Colonel, or the like. The *Republic* says truly that this practice is ridiculous and contemptible, and should be tabooed by the press and people of the country.

Of course, in the Southern States, where a man is born with a full colonel's uniform on his back, and where every person one meets is a Major or a General, it is all well enough, but when it comes to the frequenters of our National Capitol assuming a title if they have it not, the custom should be nipped in the bud.

We remember a celebrated law suit here in our own city where it was a much mooted question as to the exact rank of one of the parties concerned. He had the eye of an Emperor, the forehead of a General, the cheek of a Commissary and the air of one who was commander-in-chief of the earth, with a few planets in subjection.

The fact that he himself could not tell whether he was a Marquis or a Police Commissioner retarded the progress of the case to such an extent that nearly all the jury showed symptoms of second childhood before it was discovered that while pretending to be a nobleman of high and low, with every intermediate degree, he was of no greater rank than a Kentucky Colonel.

The same is true of our Municipal officers. We have had Mayors enough within the last month to stock a horse-car stable, and of Boards of Aldermen, Corporation Counsels and Police Commissioners there has been no end.

It should be made a penal offense for a man to assume a title which does not belong to him, and if it is as hard work for him to read his title clear to the offices on this earth as it is to mansions in the skies, he should be compelled to drop all his flummery, and come down to plain but honest Mr., even though his name be as unadorned a one as John Smith.

A NEW FORM OF ANGLOMANIA.

Miss Georgina: I WANT SOME BANJO STRINGS, AND I MUST HAVE THE VERY BEST. YOU'D BETTER GIVE ME ENGLISH CATGUT.

Shopman: I'D LIKE TO KNOW IF AMERICAN CATS DON'T HAVE AS GOOD—AHEM!—INTERNAL ARRANGEMENTS AS ENGLISH CATS.

TO CUPID, FEBRUARY 14th, 1885.

CUPID, goe to Her in haste,
Saye my Hearte is hopefull;
Of ye Songes y^t She has graced,
Here 's an Envelope full.
Kiss Her once—y^s be your Fee;
Kiss her twice—for mine!
Kiss Her thrice, 'e^s, three times three,
Telle Her you have come to be
Her Valentyne!

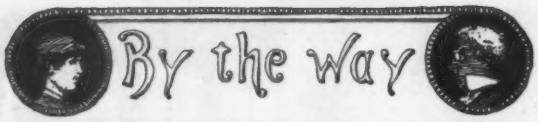
Cupid, goe in haste to Her,
Saye my Hearte is lonely;
Hasten, prettie Messenger,
Bring Her to me—only
Kiss Her once—y^s be your Fee;
Kiss Her twice—for mine!
I shall kiss her three times three,
When you bring Her back to be
My Valentyne.

F. D. SHERMAN.

"HONOR TO WHOM HONOR IS DUE."

THE respect exhibited by New Yorkers for their representatives in Congress is strikingly exemplified by the various pet designations conferred upon them by a generous public. As the victorious Romans proudly surnamed Caius Martius, "Coriolanus," for "fluttering the Volscians at Corioli," so the equally appreciative populace of the Empire State honor their political heroes after a similar fashion. Here, for example, is "Wood Pulp" Miller, who, prior to his sudden elevation to the Senatorship, was plain Warner Miller. And now comes to the Senatorial front Lawyer Evarts, a lantern-jawed expounder of Blackstone—to find himself, translated into "Bosh Butter" Evarts. It is said that the recipients of these extraordinary honors do not altogether fancy these titular dignities; but then, on the well-known and universally adopted theory of never looking a gift mule in the heels, it is better, perhaps, to accept the gifts of the gods as they are bestowed, without questioning—for has it not been said, and well said, "*Vox Populi, vox Dei?*"

F. W. P.



A CONTEMPORARY gets righteously indignant because an innocent man has been imprisoned somewhere.

We see no cause for indignation! If all thieves go free, as they assuredly do in these days, going to jail must be an honorable distinction which the average man should covet.

* * *

CASSELL'S *Family Magazine* some time ago undertook to discuss "American Girls as Dressers."

Our incoherent friend Webster intimates that a "Dresser" is a piece of Kitchen Furniture, and yet the article failed to touch upon the subject of granite pies, canton flannel cakes, or the various strata of the average amateur custard.

* * *

"IT 'S too bad," said Mrs. Spriggins, "that this legislation has broke out again. They do n't seem to be able to check it and it 's a wonder to me that vacillation do n't seem to have no effect. I see they 've appointed some commituses up in Albany to see what can be done 'bout it 'n I do hope it won't spread, though the doctor says the iris has taken hold of my arm so 's that I need n't have no alarm."

* * *

HERE comes our iconoclastic friend, the *Tribune*, again with a blow at drinking in Washington.

Are none of our great institutions to be spared?

* * *

MR. GLADSTONE in a letter to Mr. I. Me. Myself Smalley, of the *Tribune*, says that if he saw among the pedestals supplied by history for public characters of extraordinary nobility, one higher than all the rest, he would name Washington as the fittest occupant thereof.

This is a charming tribute from one of the greatest figures in history to another, but we have a strong suspicion that Mr. I. Me. Myself Smalley has been bragging about the height of the extraordinary looking object which commemorates the being of the Father of His Country, and which, taken as a whole, is altogether the biggest and ugliest pedestal history has yet supplied.

* * *

THERE is some talk now of nominating Mr. Morton for Governor.

In case the celebrated Diplomatist fails in this as in the senatorial contest, there are still nominations for Mayor, Alderman, and Police Commissioner to be made in the future, with the lucrative position as Keeper of the Morgue to fall back upon eventually.

* * *

ROSSA'S WOUNDS ARE NOT FATAL.

WHY NOT?

BURDETTE were funny if he would be,
And Perkins would be if he could be,
And Marcus Twainus ever should be;
Why, then, by all the stars above us,
And all the powers on earth that love us!—
Why is n't there a joke or two
Every few centuries—that 's new?

POCKET BIOGRAPHIES.

BENJAMIN F. BUTLER.

Born in New Hampshire in 1818.

MR. BUTLER is a statesman—so his friends say. He is known as Honest Old Ben—to his friends. Some people call him "Spoons." He was once nicknamed Big Bethel Fort Fisher Butler—but his friends prefer to forget this episode. General Grant said he was "bottled"—but some of Grant's friends were fond of the bottle. He went to New Orleans, and Mr. James Parton wrote a book about his doings there—but Mr. Parton once published a "History of Caricature," and his friends say all his other books are but the caricature of history. He once called himself a Widow, and tried to pass off the Rag Baby as the Dollar of the Daddies—and his friends said it was a lovely babe, and looked like its Pa (yet it was then far below par). Just now Mr. Butler is Nobody's Darling. "I cares for nobody, no, not I, and nobody cares for me"—but he is still in the hands of his friends. For the Rep. party he does not give a Dem., and for the Dem. party he does not care a Rep.—but he has friends in both parties.

OSCAR WILDE.

Born in ——— *in* ——— 18——?

MR. O'WILDE was born in Ireland. He removed to England and wrote a prize poem and became famous for his hair and cheek. He came to America and lectured on store-clothes and high-art. He returned to England and cut his hair. Then he got married where he still lives. He was sent into the world to fulfil a special mission—to prove the truth of Mark Twain's dictum, that "there is a great difference between a fool and a d——d fool." Mr. O'Wilde is not a fool.

GEORGE B. McCLELLAN.

Born in Pennsylvania in 1826.

GEN. McCLELLAN answers to the name of Little Mac, *alias* the Young Napoleon. He organized the Army of the Potomac, and made a raw mob into a trained army. The army believed in him, but he did not believe in the army. He hoped for a crown of laurel, but he received only a wreath of the Virginia creeper. He has since served as Perpetual Candidate for anything and everything in gift of the Democratic Party, from President of the United States to Governor of New Jersey. He has so much mind that it takes him a long while to make it up. If Cleveland offers him a place on March 4th, 1885, he may determine to accept it some time before March 4th, 1889.

The New York Daily Model.

VOL. XXCIV. NO. 41144. NEW YORK, FEB. 8, 1885. PRICE 2 CENTS.

MR. GROGHAN'S FUNERAL.

FREE FIGHT AT THE CEMETERY.

THE POLICE DRIVEN TO THE WALL.

Three Wives of the Deceased Claim the Corpse.

WHOSE IS IT?

WHO WERE AT THE FUNERAL.

Red Headed Charlie

(*Ex-Champion*)

Eulogizes the Dead Poet.

The mortal remains of the late poet-pugilist "Joney" Groghan were laid away in their final resting place yesterday afternoon at twenty minutes past three o'clock.

The ex-gentleman's brothers-in-law, of whom he had a large variety, three by his marriage with Rosy Jingle; two from Mrs. Groghan No. 2, who will be remembered as the famous shop-lifter, and of whom we gave a portrait on Sunday last in commemoration of the lady's release from the Penitentiary; and six more, the brothers of the lady from whom Mr. Groghan was divorced in '81, the full particulars of whose suit will be found in our next Sunday's issue, were present in various capacities, each imagining himself the drum-major of the funeral.

It was expected that a row of some sort would occur, as all three of the widows had signified their intention to be present, and in consequence each of the families-in-law were provided with a select escort, consisting of leading politicians from Brooklyn, the celebrated "Harlem Toughs," an organization headed by the brothers Jingle, and well known in upper New York as the midnight callers, and the "Mickey Free Association of the Fourth Ward," who are best known to fame as the givers of the riotous picnic at Elm Park, where seventeen policemen and an ex-Alderman were killed last summer.

"Ah," said one of the mourners, "Oi wisht Joney waz n't the carpse! It 's himsilf as ud loike the prospect av a fray foight wid thim Micks fram Hayrlim. Joney waz no choomp, by the Mass!"

The streets were crowded with friends of the deceased, who cracked jokes with the drivers of the three hearses furnished by the contending families.

In the house the brothers-in-law glared ominously at each other and clutched at the handles of the casket every few moments as if in fear that others would pay the last honors to the dead.

At three o'clock the wives arrived, which seemed the signal for a general row, and while two of them, backed each by their families, were pounding each other, the third family stole the corpse, and before the others knew it had clapped it into the hearse and were half way across the city before the others discovered that it was missing. The chase then began, drivers swearing and slashing each other with whips; the extra hearses filled with mourning relatives and invited members of the Press to see the affair at an end. By the time the pursuing parties reached the cemetery the corpse had been buried, and a body-guard surrounding the mound gave battle to all comers, which the police tried in vain to stop. Darkness coming on put an end to the *melee*, which will be renewed at the next celebrated funeral in Toughdom.

Red-Headed Charlie, the ex-champion slugger of the world, was found last night at his residence, and spoke feelingly concerning the deceased as follows;

"They was n't no flies on Joney ez a man and brother, an' oi wants ter see the chump wot says they is. Joney waz wan of the byes, an' in his day could a slugged his man like the rest of us. As fer litrachoor, Joney was a rastler. He cud sling more rhymes in a day than Tinison can in a year.

"It 's a shame Joney flipped! But you kin betcher life he had the boss fun'ral, next to Jim Elliott. We did n't make no bones 'bout boodle. He had a nickle plated coffin with a lookin' glass in it, an' if he wakes up thays a 'lectric button rite by him ter push 'n git himself unburied.

Among the prominent New Yorkers at the funeral were Green Leary, "Alf" Slughard, Billie Scadden, Charlie Hanshaker, Eddie Carrotts, Pink-Faced Edward, and ex-Alderman Billy Foley.

THE SPANISH TREATIES

The Senate will consider the Treaties to-morrow. We regret that lack of space prevents our giving them in full.

THE PRESIDENT'S APPOINTMENTS.

The President has appointed Maj. Snaggerty to be Collector of the Port at Skowhegan.

THE Sullivan-Greenfield MATCH.

FULL ARRANGEMENTS COMPLETED.

$5,000 A SIDE.

MANITOBA THE PLACE DECIDED UPON.

Messrs. Cradden and Ringle, the managers respectively of Mr. John Lawrence Sullivan and Hon. Alf. Greenfield, met yesterday at Hill's Palace and completed arrangements for a fistic encounter between these two gentlemen. Mr. R. L. Box, the celebrated sporting man and proprietor of the *Gazette of Crime*, was chosen referee, and the place of action was Manitoba. In order to secure police protection complimentary tickets have been issued to every member of the force, while a part of the proceeds have been set aside to pension retired police-justices who can receive the benefits thereof by leniency in office.

The date was left open, but it is generally understood that it shall occur upon the first day that Mr. Sullivan finds himself by mischance in a sober condition.

Charlie Mitchell says that Greenfield has the call on Sullivan, but Mr. Box wagers an even thousand that such is not the case. A grand testimonial is to be given Sullivan in honor of his recent courageous action in Boston, where he knocked a woman down, and wrecked a horse car. It is hoped that the friends and admirers of our illustrious fellow citizen will do him honor by their presence and the price of their tickets which is $5.

DEATH OF EDMUND ABOUT.

Paris, Jan. —: Edmund About is dead.

DECISIONS BY THE SUPREME COURT.

One hundred and forty decisions in most important cases were handed down to-day by the Supreme Court. They are unfortunately crowded out of this issue but will appear shortly.

TERRIBLE ACCIDENT.

John Smith of Smithville, was struck by lightning on his way to church last Sunday, and would undoubtedly have been killed but for the fact that he had in his pocket, a bottle of St. Peter's Oil. Price twenty-four cents, for sale by all Druggists.

THE MYSTERY STILL UNSOLVED.

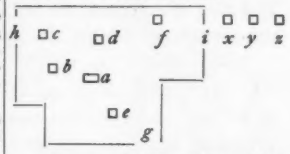
NO CLUE YET.

THE DETECTIVES BAFFLED.

(*Special to the Model.*)

The Detectives in the latest Connecticut mystery seem as far from a solution of the problem as ever. The clue which Detective Snooks discovered last evening, when followed up, amounted to nothing less than the incrimination of the corpse himself, who must have been dead at the time of the murder; a circumstance, which in law, is equivalent to an alibi.

Our Reporter, who arrived at the scene last evening, has furnished us with the following diagram which will fully explain the particulars of the dreadful deed:



a. Corpse. *b*: Where the red hair was found. *c*: Where our Reporter stood. *d*: Kitchen table. *e*: The axe. *f*: Clot of blood. *g*, *h*, *i*: Windows, in and out of which the murderer might have gone. *x*, *y*, *z*: Footprints in the snow.

Henry Peters, who is at present under arrest, he being at the time of the murder at New Haven, seventy-five miles from the scene, is the son of a respectable farmer in Massachusetts. He feels that he can prove an alibi if not lynched before morning.

A clergyman who was seen hovering around the house two years before the murder is under surveillance.

SHE LOVED HENRY BETTER.

George Van Skoop arrived in town last evening, looking for his wife who eloped with Henry Higenheimer last week. Inspector Burns is much interested in the case, and the fugitive couple will soon find themselves in the strong grasp of the law.

GARIE-MARISSON.

The Garie-Marisson suit was on yesterday before the Referee, at his office, 7001 William Street.

Mr. Goat created a smile by asking ex-Senator Conklet how he liked this warm weather; to which the distinguished ex-Statesman replied with a shiver, which convulsed the audience.

The case was then adjourned until Monday at ten.

BOOKISHNESS

ANOTHER SOCIAL PARABLE.

THE reply to "The Bread-Winners," which has at last appeared under the title of "The Money-Makers," has been so long delayed that it has lost almost its only reason or apology for existence—timeliness. It certainly cannot stand alone as a work of literary art. Its style is turgid, diffuse and often bombastic. The mechanism of the story is clumsy, and its incidents often disagreeable and extremely sensational. As for its political qualities, it throws as little light upon the true relations of Capital and Labor as the book which it is intended to answer.

* * *

IT must be frankly admitted, on the other hand, that the book is plainly the work of a very clever journalist who has seen a great deal of many sides of life superficially, and who has had occasional glimpses of the deeper traits of humanity. The characters are all sketches, rapidly and strikingly executed. They lack finish, but not individuality. The two riot scenes, the bribery incident, and the midnight banquet are admirable examples of descriptive reporting.

* * *

A NUMBER of people have been transferred from printing-house row to these pages. *Black Jaw* is plainly Whitelaw Reid, the editor of the *Tomahawk* is Dana, and *Hilliard* is probably John Hay. (D. Appleton & Co.)

* * *

THE biography of "Edgar Allan Poe," in the "American Men of Letters Series," by George E. Woodberry, is a splendid piece of literary workmanship. Although Poe has been dead many years, and nine previous biographies of him have been published, yet Mr. Woodberry can truthfully claim that his work consists almost of wholly new information or "so radically corrected as to become new." This result has been achieved by persistent and tireless research, and by a judicial and impartial use of the material obtained. It is hard to see how Mr. Woodberry's verdict on Poe's character can ever be reversed or materially changed; the evidence has been presented so fully and the deductions from it are so logical. It is disillusionment, but we are forced to admit that Poe, highly endowed, well-bred, well-educated, with brilliant and favoring opportunities, wrecked his own career by opium and drink. (Houghton, Mifflin & Co.)

* * *

IT is widely known, and has been frequently announced in the advertisements of the book, that "The Making of a Man" (a sequel to "His Majesty, Myself") was written by the Rev. Wm. M. Baker, of Boston, who died more than a year ago. And yet the gifted critic of the *Times*, with evident confidence in his discernment, announces that "the story is the work of an anonymous author who has talent and originality" and is "worthy of particular notice." This evidence of literary acumen is equalled by the Utica *Herald*, which, finding the book copyrighted by S. J. Baker, straightway attributes the book to him. "Are we so soon forgot when we are gone?"

DROCH.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

No Sect in Heaven, by Mrs. E. H. J. Cleveland. Philadelphia: Geo. H. Buchanan & Co.

Stops, or How to Punctuate, a practical handbook for writers and students, by Paul Allardyce. Philadelphia: Geo. H. Buchanan & Co.

Flatland, a Romance of Many Dimensions, by A. Square. Boston: Roberts Brothers.

ST. VALENTINE'S DAY.

TELL me, gentle friend of mine,
Do you think Saint Valentine
Can by any fortune know
What is going on below,
On this gay,
Merry day
That his honored name is bearing?
Can he see
Love and glee
Take their February airing?

Gentle lady, some may paint
Valentine a sullen saint,
Who would gaze with clouded brow
On the throngs who praise him now;
Who would frown
On the lover's melancholy:
But he seems
To my dreams
Strong and tender, kind and jolly.

Gentle lady, when we bear
To his shrine and offer there
Stumbling rhymes and painted hearts,
Pierced by Cupid's savage darts;
And in staid
Masquerade
Pass in love-sick lines before him,
Though his smile
All the while
On us beams, I fear we bore him.

Gentle lady, unto me
Count it not impiety
That I think our patron kind
In the day some fun may find;
May recall
One and all
Of its fancies, quaint and brittle,
And rehearse
Scraps of verse
Till the angels laugh a little.

RUSSELL P. JACOBY.

La Caricature.

THE CAPTAIN'S STORY.

133478

A.D. Ye confirmed a bachelor his Saint V

His Ideal Beauty.

Evening. "Where, Oh where?"

UARY FOURTEENTH.

NOTES FROM THE CAPITOL.

(*By* LIFE'S *Special Congressman.*)

CONGRESS is in a state of donothingism just now owing to the aversion of the Republicans to passing any bills which may reflect glory on the incoming administration, while all the Democrats expect Cabinet offices and are therefore unwilling to put themselves on record as favoring any fixed policy which may or may not prove popular with Mr. Cleveland.

Mr. Richelieu Robinson is the only active man in town and he is wasting all his surplus energy toward the passage of a bill restoring Republican simplicity to the Inaugural ceremonies.

In just what this aforementioned simplicity consists no one is prepared to state, but from what we can gather Mr. Robinson wants the President-elect to walk from Buffalo to the Capitol and be sworn in, clad in home-spun overalls and a blue dress coat bespattered with brass buttons. This over, the newly made President will ask all the boys to have a festive smile at his expense, and will then proceed to run the White House on the European plan for four years at an expense of a dollar a day.

At any rate it is unquestionably paradoxical for the Democrats to hanker for Republican simplicity.

* * *

THERE is an expressed determination among the Representatives to mete out to President Arthur and Minister West the punishment due them if it be found that they, together with Queen Victoria and Mr. Gladstone, have conspired against the life of O'Donovan Rossa.

MR. BARRETT concludes his successful engagement at the Star Theatre this week. We advise all who have not yet seen this most talanted actor to do so at once. On Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings he is to be seen in two new plays, "A Blot on the Scutcheon," a Tragedy by Robert Browning, and Mr. Alfred Thompson's adaptation from the French of Theodore de Banville's Drama of Gringoire in one act entitled "The King's Pleasure." On Thursday evening will be presented Mr. Howell's Tragedy, "Yorick's Love," and the lovers of comparison may see him on Friday evening as "Richelieu," to which Mr. Booth's recent performance will lend additional interest.

* * *

WE present on the opposite page some sketches from Mr. Carleton's highly successful drama, which has been running at Wallack's for the last six weeks to large and appreciative audiences.

* * *

OUR artist, with the aid of photographs kindly loaned by Mr. Mora, has depicted some of the most dramatic scenes of Victor Durand; the discovery of the galley mark upon the prisoner's wrist; his terrible interview with his wife, who at first believing him guilty, comes at last to an expression of her confidence in his innocence; the interview between the genial doctor and the organ grinder, and finally the discomfiture of the villainous De Mersac.

* * *

THE protracted run of this new work has been most gratifying to the young author and his friends, and its reception on the road has confirmed the verdict of the New York theatre-goers that Victor Durand is one of the best of American plays produced for years.

* * *

FARQUHAR'S old comedy, "The Recruiting Officer," was produced at Daly's on Saturday evening, with Messrs. Fisher, Drew, Lewis, Parks and Gilbert, and Misses Rehan, Dreher and Fielding in the cast.

It is hardly necessary to say that Mr. Daly's revivals are as delicious morsels as his adaptations in point of representation, and "The Recruiting Officer" will undoubtedly have a satisfactory run.

* * *

THE "Private Secretary" is still running at the Madison Square with its laughable silliness, and Mr. Thornton's "Do You Know?" still provokes the most uproarious hilarity.

* * *

THOSE who desire a hearty laugh with some attractive music thrown in will find an evening with Apajune by no means wasted. The first and third acts are good, although not wildly exciting; but there is more genuine, uninterrupted fun in the second act than one often encounters in opera comique. Mr. Wilson distinguishes himself most happily as the Prince, and Mlle. Cotrelli as the Princess adds much to the play.

BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO

The Empress of Russia.

The Queen of Denmark.

HER MAGESTY THE QUEEN.

JOHN REDFERN & SONS,

LADIES' TAILORS, BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO

· H. R. H. The Princess of Wales ·

210 Fifth Avenue, Madison Square (next Delmonico's) & 1132 Broadway,
NEW YORK.

ALSO, AT COWES, ISLE OF WIGHT, 25 & 26 CONDUIT STREET, LONDON.
RUE DE RIVOLI, PARIS.

AS AN INSTANCE OF THE QUALITY AND STYLE OF THEIR BUSINESS, JOHN REDFERN & SONS RESPECTFULLY QUOTE THE NAMES OF SOME ROYAL AND OTHER LADIES WHO REPEATEDLY FAVOR THEM WITH ORDERS FOR GOWNS, JACKETS, ULSTERS, &C., &C.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN OF ENGLAND.

H.R.H. THE PRINCESS OF WALES.
H.R.H. PRINCESS CHRISTIAN.
H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUISE. H.R.H. PRINCESS BEATRICE.
H.R. AND I.H. THE DUCHESS OF EDINBURGH.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF CONNAUGHT.
H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF ALBANY.
H.R. AND I.M. THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.
THE QUEEN OF DENMARK. THE QUEEN OF ITALY.
THE EX QUEEN OF NAPLES. THE QUEEN OF THE NETHERLANDS.
THE QUEEN OF PORTUGAL.
H.I. AND R.H. THE CROWN PRINCESS OF GERMANY.
THE PRINCESS OLGA DOLGOROUKY.
H.R.H. PRINCESS LOUIS OF BATTENBERG,
H.R.H. PRINCESS OF PRUSSIA. H.R.H. PRINCESS MEINENGEN.
THE CROWN PRINCESS OF SWEDEN.
PRINCESS EDWARD OF SAXE WEIMAR.
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FURTHER ANNOUNCEMENTS WILL BE MADE IN THE WASHINGTON AND CHICAGO PAPERS.

THE British Empire may be the one on which the sun never sets, but the experiences of the past few weeks make it extremely evident that it is also the Empire upon which the sun never shines.

A PHYSICIAN says: "If a child does not thrive on fresh milk, boil it." He does n't state how long the child should be boiled. We should think there would be danger of letting it boil to long. —*Williams Atheneum.*

ANGRY Clergyman: "What 's the meaning of this? I ordered a good room to be reserved for me over three weeks ago, and now I find myself stowed away in the top story."

Suave Clerk: "Certainly, sir; thought you 'd like that room the best. It 's the nearest thing to Heaven we have in the house."—*Lampoon.*

THERE is sometimes a serious difference of opinion in matters of culture in the family. The head of the house is too practical and the first lieutenant too æsthetic.

"I really think that Mabel ought to have a piano, don 't you? She is seven years old, and the sooner she begins the sooner she will be able to master the intricacies of Liszt."

"Liszt be blowed, and the piano, too. When the girl's legs can reach the pedals we 'll talk piano."

"Then it will be too late, perhaps."

"Go ahead; buy a piano for her, a cornet for Jim, and a drum for Jack. Let 's have a blizzard of melody while we are about it."—*Hartford Post.*

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SCENES FROM "VICTOR DURAND," AT WALLACKS.

EARLY PIETY.

Kate: MAMMA, IS IT NOT WRONG FOR HARRY TO SAY "I DO N'T GIVE A DAMN?"

Mamma: WHY CERTAINLY IT IS. HOW SHOCKING! DID YOU NOT REPROVE HIM?

Kate: OH YES INDEED, I TOLD HIM IT WAS PERFECTLY DREADFUL, AND HE SHOULD ALWAYS SAY "I DO N'T *care* A DAMN."

ST. PETER'S GATE.

WHO dat knockin' at dat do'?
Oh, Uncle Peter, let me in.
What yo' name, chile, down below?
I'se Orlando Thomas Green.

Who robbed Ma'm Parson's melon row?
Oh, Fadder Peter, I forget.
An' piled de rinds outside her do'?
Dat Bill Jones, I'se willin' to bet.

Who stole de Deacon's turkeys young?
Oh, Uncle Peter, I dun'no'.
An' in de well deir fedders flung?
Dat some mean white trash, I 'm sho'.

Orlando Green, you liar bold!
You 're not elected by seb'ral votes.
Yo' can 't come into dis yer fold.
Orlando Thomas, go wid de goats!

C.

BAD city for the wicked—Cinn.
Good city for a wine-bibber—Portland.
Good city for the empty—Phil.
Good city for an Indian—Lo-well.
Bad city for a man with false teeth—Gnashville.
Good city for a laundry—Washington.
Good city for the wealthy—Rich-mond.
Good town for a sea captain—Salem.
Good haven for the illiterate—New Haven.
Bad city for a musician—Sing Sing.
Good town for impudent dudes—Youngkers.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL RAM.

A SOLEMN-visaged old Ram, with long wool, was one day browsing in a valley with a large number of animals; and after the weather had been duly discussed, he remarked:

"Now, just look at this suit of clothes. Here 's something strictly first-class. You don't pick up raiment like this on this road. I 'm sorry you fellows can't dress in this style, but it can't be helped. You see, I am a stylish gentleman by nature. My clothes are the cynosure of all eyes."

The animals passed on without replying. In a few days, the sheep-shearing took place, and the old Ram along with the other sheep was deprived of his fleecy garment and made to look very naked and homely. Soon after this humiliating experience he met the animals in whose presence he had boasted of his fine clothes.

"Well, Major," remarked the Goat, addressing the Ram, you seem to be stripped for a Turkish bath."

"Yes, and I congratulate him on the prospect," observed the bear.

"*Quantum mutatus ab illis!*" exclaimed a young Ass, just from college, as he nipped a mouthful of grass with classic grace; "do n't be discouraged, old fellow."

"The Major seems to be stripped for a prize fight," whispered the Buzzard, with amiable sarcasm.

"I 've had enough of this," retorted the Ram, in a tone of offended dignity; "I 'll butt the life out of the next one of you that says anything more on the subject. My cast-off garments are worth more in the market than the whole carcasses of some of you. It is not good taste to wear the same suit of clothes till you wear it out. You are evidently very ignorant of the ways of good society."

MORAL: This Fable teaches that the lamp of philosophy shines brightest against a sombre background of adverse circumstances.

FROM THE NEW GRAMMAR.

"ARAB" is an article (of war); in the vindictive mood, (at) present (in) tents; disqualifies the British Army, and has for its object the noun: "loot."

AUT SCISSORS AUT NULLUS

THE CURE WORSE THAN THE DISEASE.

OFFICIAL statistics show that no fewer than 20,667 persons died from snake bites in India, last year. More than five times that number die from snake bite "antidote" in this country during the same period—*Norristown Herald.*

LOVE AND POLITICS.

A FASCINATING woman is employed by the secret police to get at the secrets of a foreign diplomatist. The following correspondence is exchanged by telegraph between the Minister of Foreign Affairs and his emissary:

"Your report is vague. Obtain further particulars."

"Am having a lover's quarrel with him. Shall be reconciled to-morrow; will send full details."—*French Paper.*

A MEAN INSINUATION.

HE called for gin, and in a calm, unembarrassed sort of way filled his glass to the brim.

"See here, my friend," expostulated the bartender, "that is gin you are pouring out, not water."

The customer eyed him rebukingly over the top of the glass, as he slowly drained its contents.

"Mister," he said, in a hurt tone of voice, "do I look like a man who would drink that much water?"—*N. Y. Times.*

BIDING HIS TIME.

D., AN artist of some talent, finding himself short of money, sent for a picture dealer and asked:

"What will you give me for this picture?"

"Twenty francs."

"You must be joking! Twenty francs! I have not reached starvation point yet, I can tell you!"

The dealer coolly replied:

"Very good; I can wait."—*Journal de la Semaine.*

WHY HE WAS THERE.

His Honor: "What, you here again?"

Prisoner: "Well, your honor, it 's so awfully cold outside."

GETTING THINGS MIXED.

AT a recent gathering in St. Louis General Sherman was present.

Said a young lady resident: "He does n't look like a literary man."

"Oh, he is n't," replied another young lady resident.

"Did n't he write 'School for Scandal'?"

"Mercy, no. You are thinking of General Sheridan. He is not here to-night."—*The Ingleside.*

"ANNA, what must you do, before everything else, to have your sins forgiven?" "Commit the sins."—*The Eye.*

THE Lafayette statue in Union Square is the work of Bartholdi. So is the pedestal. That 's the way the statue came to have one. —*Puck.*

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A TAILOR was suing a country officer for the amount of an unpaid bill in a court the other day. He looked over the jury and remarked in disgust: "Your honor may dismiss the jury, Every man there owes me for a suit of clothes."—*Ex.*

BUSINESS is in a bad way! A stock broker who had gone to meet Rothschild was relating his adventures to his friend. "Affairs must be in a very bad state indeed," said he. "I have been at Rothschild's. Even they are suffering. On passing a half-open door I saw Madame Rothschild and her daughter. They were playing on the same piano!"—*From the German.*

A BLIND man in Khoota (a Caucasian village) came back from the river one night bringing a pitcher of water and carrying in his hand a lighted lantern. Some one meeting him said, "You're blind; it's all the same to you whether it's day or night. Of what use to you is a lantern?" "I do n't carry the lantern in order to see the road," replied the blind man, "but to keep some fool like you from running against me and breaking my pitcher."—*Tid-Bits.*

RETURNING TO THE CHARGE.—Herr: "Then, *gnädiges fräulein*, am I to understand that you reject my offer? In that case I have only one request to make, which I fervently hope you will not refuse." Fräulein: What is it?" Herr: "That you will never, never betray what I have just revealed to you of the deep feelings of my inmost heart." Fräulein: "Oh, certainly not. But why?" Herr: "Because—ahem!—well—because I intend proposing to your elder sister to-morrow."—*Humoristische Blätter.*

"Sweet little maid with the sweet blue eye,
Why art thou dancing so much and so high?"
Saucily nodding her shapely head,
"I 'm whooping it up until Lent," she said.
Burdette.

POST MORTEM.

NOT long since, a man about forty, looking profoundly sad, stepped into the morgue in Paris to claim the body of a friend and relative, Jacques Dubois, recently fished up out of the river.

"Have you any means of identifying the body?" the man in charge inquired.

"Yes, sir," said the applicant. "He is easy enough to tell. He was deaf!"—*Le Livre Universal.*

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Minnie Palmer, who was educated in Vienna, will appear there during the coming summer at the Royal Opera House.

THE other day a mysterious looking stranger appeared in P—— and remained five whole days without the inhabitants finding out his name, where he came from, or his business. Even the bar-room loafers were baffled in their attempts to extract some definite information, and the entire town lay awake at night worrying over the matter. At last general agitation grew to such a pitch that the landlord volunteered to interview the stranger on behalf of the public weal. Approaching the taciturn visitor as he sat in the reading room of the hotel, he remarked—

"Fine day, sir."

"Is it?" said the stranger dubiously.

"Going to stay long in these parts?"

"Just four days, two hours, and thirty-one minutes longer," replied the other, consulting his watch and a time-table.

"Then!—may I-er-ahem! may I ask what your business is!" persisted the landlord, as the crowd gathered up closer.

"Well, I do n't wish it generally known," replied the stranger confidentially; "but I 'm a Russian Nihilist."

"You do n't mean it?" gasped the landlord.

"Fact," replied the man mournfully.

"But, er-what brings you here?" asked the landlord.

"Well, you see, I was captured in St. Petersburgh last month, and you know how severe that government is on Nihilists, do n't you?"

"Oh!—yes—of course! Go on!"

"Well, they sentenced me to twenty years in Siberia or a week in P——, and I was fool enough to choose P——."

And with a heavy sigh the condemned man drifted into dinner.—*Ex.*

"THE chariot of revolution is rolling onward, and gnashing its teeth as it rolls," is what a Berlin revolutionist told the students in a speech.—*Dutch Joke.*

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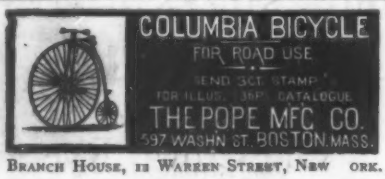

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